

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOL. XXI. No. 9

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 30, 1930



From a woodcut by Heistand Miller.

A WINTER SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND

The Jaunting of the Goodhues

By Ellen Friel Baker

Chapter 5

"WHERE do we go from here?" asked Aunt Agatha as they ate a leisurely breakfast, picnic-fashion, under the trees the next morning.

"Baltimore invites us," smiled Mr. Goodhue, "but to tell you the truth, my dear, I'm very loath to leave this charming spot. There's a trout stream just around the curve where the fishing is good and a beach where there is good bathing and swimming. Suppose we spend the day fishing and swimming and the night under this 'spreading chestnut tree.'"

A perfect squeal of delight from the girls and a hearty cry of "Good" from the boys told that this plan met the approval of the whole clan.

When they were on their way again they found many places of charm and distinction to visit before they reached Baltimore. Among these was Valley

Forge, Kennet Square, the home of the great travel-writer Bayard Taylor, and also the home of Mad Anthony Wayne.

"Tell us something about Baltimore, Uncle Tom," urged Marion, when at last their faces were turned in the direction of that city.

"Baltimore has been called 'The Port of Opportunity,' he began, 'because it is almost the exact geographic center of industry on the Atlantic Seaboard. Baltimore Harbor has wonderful facilities because it has the longest mileage frontage and is the shortest haul for freight from the western cities. Then, too, the rise and fall of the tide makes it possible to load more than seven thousand tons of coal in less than two hours and that is a very important item in shipping business. The opportunity of the city is further increased by excellent educational advantages. Johns Hopkins University is there and Goucher College. Close by is

Annapolis and its great Naval Academy."

"Let's hurry on our way!" cried Elaine. "I've heard about Annapolis and I want to be there."

"Baltimore," said Mr. Goodhue, continuing his story, "is the youngest of the Atlantic coast cities. It was founded in 1729 for the specific purpose of making a good port near the head of Chesapeake Bay and the original site of the city consisted of sixty acres.

"It was named for the Lords Baltimore, whose real names were George and Cecil Calvert, the founders of the Maryland Colony. It is the original home of the famous *Baltimore Clipper*, a picturesque sailing vessel that once carried the city's fame far and wide across the seas."

When they reached Baltimore Mr. Goodhue made straight for the courthouse which was an excellent starting point for their study of the city. A cry of delight and wonder broke from the lips of the girl cousins and the eyes of the boys shone with appreciation as they approached the beautiful white marble building.

They went inside to see the lovely mural paintings of Turner and Blashfield which decorate the interior and it was hard to pull Elaine away when the others were ready to go. "I could stay here a week," she said, "and then not drink my fill of all this loveliness."

Only her uncle's promise of an afternoon sail on the Chesapeake Bay and the Patapsco River made her willing to leave.

Before they went for a sail they had lunch at a down-town restaurant. Oysters, shrimp, lobster and crab, fresh caught that very day, were on the menu and it was hard to decide between them.

"They certainly have marvelous seafood in Baltimore," remarked Lillian as she finished her crab salad.

"Count on Lil to appreciate the eats," teased Claude.

"And do observe her improvement in vocabulary," added Bob.

"Let's not go to a hotel in Baltimore," suggested Aunt Agatha. "I think it will be lovely to park the bus near the outskirts of the city and go into camp for ourselves."

They all approved of this plan, for Maryland was at her loveliest and the glory of the autumn splendor was on every hand. "It would be a real pity to be shut up in a house when we can live out in the open," said Mr. Goodhue. "Look around, Jackson, while we are out on the bay. I'll leave the selection of our camp to you—but be sure to meet us at the docks with the bus about four-thirty," he added.

When they went to investigate the seaboard, they found that Baltimore is situated on Patapsco River which is an arm of Chesapeake Bay. The seaboard has been widened and improved until now it is a land-locked harbor three miles wide and twelve miles long. Baltimore is really quite a distance from the ocean with Forts Armistead, Howard and McHenry between the city and the sea.

While investigating the many things of interest at the harbor they ran across an old sea-captain who sat dreaming on one of the docks. He had some very interesting stories to tell of Baltimore's past and among them was the story of the "Baltimore Tea-Party."

"Wasn't it Boston that had that tea-party?" asked Mr. Goodhue. "Baltimore had one of her very own," answered the old captain. Then he told them the Baltimore party had taken place in broad daylight, when the brave sons of Maryland on October 19, 1774, had set fire to *The Peggy Stewart*, a ship laden with English tea and burned her to the water's edge rather than permit her to unload her cargo. In proof of his assertion he pointed out the very spot where *The Peggy Stewart* was burned and later Mr. Goodhue learned that the story was true, although he had not heard it before.

The boys wanted to investigate all three of the forts. But Mr. Goodhue said they had time for only one.

"Then I choose Fort McHenry," said Marion. "It was there that Francis Scott Key wrote 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

"A wise choice," agreed Aunt Agatha. Mr. Goodhue refreshed their memory of history by reminding them that it was the sight of the American Flag still flying over Fort McHenry, after a desperate battle on the night of September 14, 1814, an engagement of the War of 1812, that inspired Francis Scott Key to write his immortal song. By this time they were inside the fort and the sight of Old Glory, still flaunting her colors on the breeze, inspired James, the quiet cousin, to cry, "Let's sing that song here and now!"

And so it came about, that in the old fort, one hundred and sixteen years after the author gave his song to the world, a group of young American patriots saluted their flag and sang with lusty young voices their country's national anthem.

When they returned from their sail Claude said: "I never saw so much corn

December

By HARRIETTE WILBURR

If
you'll
Take the
Day filled full of delight,
Add the
Eve that ends with The Night;
Then the
Cold of the sky and the snow;
And the
Ember's bright cheery glow;
Mix with
Many goodies and toys,
Chiming
Bells and similar noise;
Fill an
Evergreen, short or tall,
With a
Real remembrance for all;

D
E
C
E
M
B
E
R

That is the month loved near and far.

The Battle Monument commemorates the War of 1812.

They learned that the city is very proud of its record of "Baltimore Firsts." Here is the list as Claude wrote them down in his notebook: The first steam passenger train in the country ran from Baltimore to Ellicott City. The first American steamship to cross the Atlantic sailed from Baltimore. It was the first American city to be lighted by gas. The first electric telegraph line ran from Baltimore to Washington. The German U-Boat *Deutschland*, the first submarine to cross the Atlantic, docked at Baltimore. The first linotype machine was made in Baltimore. The first iron steamship and the first armor-plate were also made there.

"Baltimore was partly destroyed by fire in 1904," Mr. Goodhue told them, "and has been rebuilt on the plan of most modern cities."

They visited Goucher College, and went to a recital at Peabody College of Music. After the recital they spent an hour looking at the art treasures housed there.

From Baltimore they went to Annapolis where Uncle Sam trains his Navy. This was a visit the cousins will never forget. They joined the throngs for strolls along the Severn Docks, for sails in the cunning little sail-boats, and had the privilege of attending chapel and promenade on the campus.

"I am more sea-minded now than ever," said Bob softly as he stood in the chapel beside the tomb of John Paul Jones, one of his favorite heroes of the sea. "Please let me go to school here, Uncle Tom," he begged.

"You hurry up and get ready for it and we'll see," replied his uncle.

(To be continued)

On the Square

By NED WOODMAN

I know a boy who's absolutely certain to succeed, because he's honest through and through, in thought and word and deed. He's perfectly dependable in all that he may do, and when he tells you anything you always know it's true. He's willing and obedient and never tries to shirk, and always can be trusted to be thorough in his work. He's faithful in his studies and in play he's always fair, and everyone who knows him says, "That boy is on the square."

When he becomes a man, there's every reason to expect whatever line of business he happens to select is bound to be a winner, for you hardly need be told that having people's confidence is worth a mine of gold. You know we always like to deal with people we can trust; and when an honest man succeeds it's natural and just. So, Honesty and Industry—that ever mighty pair—will bring a great reward to any boy who's on the square.

In the beautiful and ancient Westminster Cemetery, Elaine plucked a clover blossom from the grave of Edgar Allan Poe. They saw, too, the first memorial ever erected to George Washington's memory, a marble shaft one hundred and sixty-four feet high surmounted by a heroic statue of the "Father of His Country." This statue is located in a lovely square and together with the famous "Battle Monument" and other beautiful memorials, has earned for Baltimore the title "Monumental City."

Lou Ella's Lunch Basket

By May Justus

LOU ELLA lived with her mother high upon Eagle Mountain. Theirs was the only cabin all up and down the trail. Neighbors who came to see them had to climb all the way from the hollow and since the trail was so very steep, their visits were few and far between. So it happened that Lou Ella grew up almost by herself until she was seven years old and had to go to school.

The Mission School was down in the hollow at least a mile away, and Lou Ella had to walk down very early in the day. She carried her lunch the first morning wrapped up in a nice, clean bit of cloth with the corners tied into a handle.

"Oh, did you lose your basket this morning?" one of the children asked her, as Lou Ella came up carrying her lunch in the little cloth bundle.

"No—" said Lou Ella, and then she stopped and didn't go on again. All the rest of the children were carrying little baskets! Suddenly the little girl wished very much that she had a basket, too.

That night when she got home she said: "Oh, Mother, do you have a basket that I may carry to school? All the rest of the children bring their lunches in a basket."

"The only basket I have at all is a half-bushel measure," her mother replied. "That is much too big to carry."

"There are baskets at Mr. Grime's store," said the little girl, and she sighed a little as she said it.

"Baskets in the store cost money," said her mother briefly. And then, of course, Lou Ella remembered—her mother had no money. And it took all the berry and egg money to buy their food and clothes. Lou Ella was sorry that she had suggested a basket. But she did want one so very much!

"Lou Ella," said her mother suddenly, "we'll make you a little lunch basket."

"Can we—oh, can we, Mother?" Lou Ella's eyes were shining.

"We can, we certainly can," said her mother. "Hurry home from school and help me."

Lou Ella, you may be very sure, lost no time hurrying home. She really ran more than half of the way just to get there as soon as possible. When she came into the house her mother had her bonnet on.

"We are ready to go to the honeysuckle patch," she told the little girl. Lou Ella wondered very much, but she did not ask any questions. She always saved surprises instead of begging to know them, for after you knew a surprise—why then there wasn't any!

At the honeysuckle patch her mother showed her how to gather the long vines, stripping off the leaves ever so carefully.

"Get the longest runners," said her mother, "they make the neatest baskets."

Lou Ella was very careful. She gathered an armful of vines, and then she saw that her mother had gathered many more.

"These will be enough to make a basket for you," Lou Ella's mother said, and then they went back to the house. Her mother put a pot on the fire, and poured some water into it. Then she sent the little girl out in the yard to get a gourd dipper full of lye from the ash hopper. When this came back she poured it into the kettle of water and then she put the honeysuckle vines to boil.

"Now," she said to the little girl, "we may as well sit down and watch it. The vines have to boil awhile to make the bark slip easily."

"Tell me a story, Mother," begged Lou Ella. "Tell me about a long time ago when you were a little girl."

So while the pot on the fire boiled away the mother told a story of the time long ago when there were no stores on the mountain at all, and folks had to

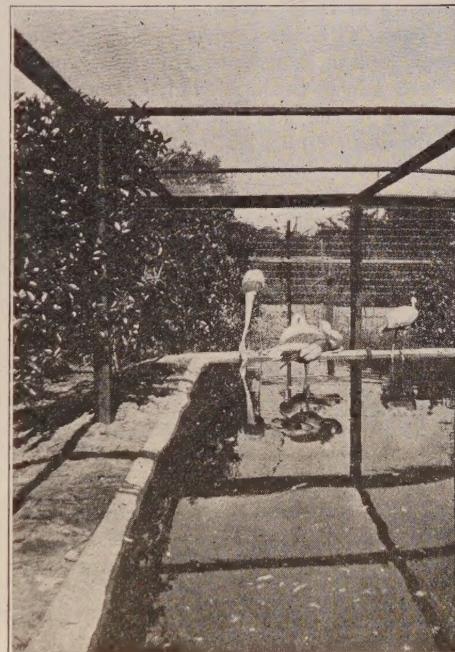
make in their own homes whatever they needed. When a new dress was needed, it was woven on a loom. When anyone needed a pair of shoes they had the shoemaker come to make them. They made their baskets of willow, of honeysuckle vines and corn husks. Lou Ella's mother had learned how to make honeysuckle baskets.

The pot was boiling away now. The mother took it off the fire. She took out a piece of honeysuckle vine and tried it to see if it would peel. Yes, the bark would slip off easily. Now came the task of skinning, or peeling it. Lou Ella could do this very well, and the mother started a basket. She chose the largest vines for spokes and the smaller ones for weavers. In a little while the bottom was done, and she turned it up at the sides. Lou Ella had all the vines peeled and now she watched the weaving. Around and around the sturdy spokes went the pliant weavers.

"I believe I could do that," she said at last. Her mother let her try it.

"Yes, you do very well," she said, as the little girl finished a round. So Lou Ella went on around and around the basket. The work went very fast indeed, and by bedtime the basket was finished. How smooth and clean and shining it was! How neat and round and cunning!

Lou Ella could hardly wait for morning. She was happy to think that she now had a lunch basket just like the other children's—no, not just like theirs, for she thought that her own was nicer. For no one else in the school had a honeysuckle basket, and no one else, she felt quite sure, had ever helped to make one.



Flamingoes

By GENEVRA A. COWAN

Snowy white flamingoes
Standing in a pool,
They love warmth and sunshine,
Can't live where it's cool.

Their mouths inside are sieve-like,
Straining mud and sand
That they take within their bills,
When they stand near land.

Drowsy white flamingoes,
High on legs like stilts,
Nest around the corner
Built of mud and silts.

Their large bent bills look broken,
And while that is absurd,
The snowy white flamingo
Is a strange-appearing bird!

An Old Custom

By Leah Adkisson Kazmark

THIS year America has counted its population. One must not forget what an old, old custom taking the census really is. Some three thousand years ago King David had counted the people living in Israel and Judea and even before that period of history the Bible tells that Moses and Aaron took count of the Hebrews as they lived in the wilderness.

Other nations of the long, long ago had adopted the taking of the census as well as the Hebrews. Japan counted her people some centuries before the coming of Christ. China did likewise. Greece and Rome followed their example and upon a given date each man must appear in a field near his village where he told his name, residence, family, and value of his belongings that he might be properly taxed. Failure to do this resulted in losing one's property.

Our own country began the census under President Washington. In 1790 Congress set aside a sum of a few thousand dollars for this purpose. One little

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

HOWARD SEMINARY,
WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

Dear Editor: Would you allow some Howard Seminary girls to belong to the Beacon Club? Five of the Seminary girls are going to the Unitarian Sunday School. We have in our group two Post Graduates and three Seniors between the ages of 17 and 20. The head of our school, Dr. Harris, preaches in our church.

Sincerely,
MARJORIE FROLICH.
BETTY HANSOM.
IRENE PIFFIER.
CLAIRE THOMPSON.
MINERVA DILLINGHAM.

We are delighted to have older girls join our Club.—*Ed.*

1424 EUCLID ST. N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

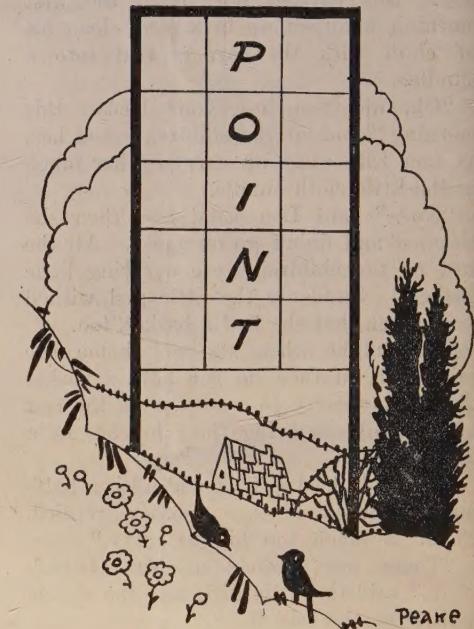
Dear Editor: I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I am in the Sunday School of the

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Puzzlers

A New Kind of Cross-Word Puzzle

By HARVEY PEAKE



PEAKE

The definitions below will give you the five words that are to fill these spaces. If you get the words right the letters on the sign-board will fit in exactly.

1. An animal.
2. A plot of land.
3. A cheap metal.
4. An insect.
5. To have eaten.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 7

An Acrostic. — Generous
Arduous
Boisterous
Luscious
Envious

book held that early census and many, many months of travel and hard work were endured ere the scattered farms and villages could all be reached by horseback and coach. It was finally perfected and this old record is one of the valued historic documents of America today.

But now only one month is needed to complete this survey. The entire area of the land was laid off in districts, there being as many as 100,000. Each of these was canvassed with speed and dispatch. The records were then forwarded to Washington, D. C., where trained clerks put the data into shape. One hundred thousand people did the work and the cost was over thirty-nine millions of dollars.

The American census bureau has grown until today it is the largest organization in the world dealing with statistics. Instead of merely counting the people, as in ancient times, it included a vast survey of farm, commercial, and industrial life in the country. Where you work, how long, what your pay, how many it supports, conditions under which work is done: all this makes a census of great value that conditions of life in America for everyone may be known and bettered.

Other nations follow a like custom. The latest to adopt it is Turkey. In that country it was accomplished in one day, each district having a census-taker and the government requiring everyone, young and old, to remain at home on the set date. Not until late at night was the work completed.

So it is of added interest to learn that it is no new custom America follows. As it was of value centuries ago, it is of value still. It recalls that first census called in the Bible the "Book of Numbers" where the Lord "spake unto Moses" to "take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel."

On the Piano

By ROSE B. FOSTER

My fingers waltz along the keys
Whene'er I count my one, two, threes;

My fingers march in stately score
Whene'er I count one, two, three, four;

And how they skip and jump and stand,
Whene'er I count one, and, two, and;

And so, no matter what the time,
My fingers always pantomime.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 2416 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.